

Woman, commend me to her, I will not faile her.

*Qui.* Why, you say well: But I haue another messenger to your worship: Mistresse Page hath her heartie commendations to you to: and let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is self-dome from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman so deate vpon a man; surely I thinke you haue charmes, la: yes in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes.

*Qui.* Blessing on your heart for't.

*Fal.* But I pray thee tell me this: has *Ford's* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me?

*Qui.* That were a iest indeed: they haue not so little grace I hope, that were a trick indeed: But Mistresse *Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of all lounes: her husband has a maruellous infectio to the little *Page*: and truly Master *Page* is an honest man: neuer a wife in *Windsor* leades a better life then she do's: doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and truly she deserves it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windsor*, she is one: you must send her your *Page*, no remedie.

*Fal.* Why, I will.

*Qui.* Nay, but doe so then, and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both: and in any case haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde, and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickednes: olde folkes you know, haue discretion, as they say, and know the world.

*Fal.* Farethee well, commend mee to them both: there's my purse, I am yet thy debter: Boy, goe along with this woman, this newes distracts me.

*Pist.* This Püncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers, Clap on more failes, pursue: vp with your fights: Giue fire: she is my prize, or Ocean whelme them all.

*Fal.* Saist thou so (old *Lacke*) go thy waies: He make more of thy olde body then I haue done: will they yet looke after thee? wilt thou after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? good Body, I thanke thee: let them say 'tis grossely done, so it bee fairly done, no matter.

*Bar.* Sit *John*, there's one Master *Broome* below would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

*Fal.* *Broome* is his name?

*Bar.* I Sir.

*Fal.* Call him in: such *Broomes* are welcome to mee, that ore flowes such liquor: ah ha, Mistresse *Ford* and Mistresse *Page*, haue I encompass'd you? goe to, via.

*Ford.* Blessye you sir.

*Fal.* And you sir: would you speake with me?

*Ford.* I make bold, to presse, with so little preparation vpon you.

*Fal.* You'r welcome, what's your will? giue vs leaue Drawer.

*Ford.* Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue spent much, my name is *Broome*.

*Fal.* Good Master *Broome*, I desire more acquaintance of you.

*Ford.* Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you vnderstand, I thinke my selfe in

better plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath something emboldned me to this vnseason'd intrusion: for they say, if money goe before, all waies doe lye open.

*Fal.* Money is a good Souldier (Sir) and will on.

*Ford.* Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere trou- bles me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir *John*) take all, or halfe, for easing me of the carriage.

*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your Porter.

*Ford.* I will tell you sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

*Fal.* Speake (good Master *Broome*) I shall be glad to be your Seruant.

*Ford.* Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection: but (good Sir *John*) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe the easier, fith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

*Fal.* Very well Sir, proceed.

*Ford.* There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne, her husbands name is *Ford*.

*Fal.* Well Sir.

*Ford.* I haue long lou'd her, and I protest to you, bestowed much on her: followed her with a doating obseruance: Ingross'd opportunities to meete her: fee'd every slight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of her: not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions: but whatsoever I haue merited, either in my minde, or in my meanes, meede I am sure I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a lewell, that I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,

*"Lone like a shadow flies, when substance Lone pursues,  
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues."*

*Fal.* Haue you receiued no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

*Ford.* Neuer.

*Fal.* Haue you importun'd her to such a purpose?

*Ford.* Neuer.

*Fal.* Of what qualitie was your loue then?

*Ford.* Like a fair house, built on another mans ground, so that I haue lost my edifice, by mistaking the place, where I erected it.

*Fal.* To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me?

*Ford.* When I haue told you that, I haue told you all: Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now (Sir *John*) here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentick in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many warlike, court-like, and learned preparations.

*Fal.* O Sir.

*Ford.* Beleue it, for you know it: there is money, spend it, spend it, spend more; spend all I haue, onely giue

me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Ford's* wife: vie your Art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soone as any.

*Fal.* Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection that I should win what you would enioy? Methinks you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously.

*Ford.* O, vnderstand my drift: she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand; my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves, I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embarraild against me: what say you too't, Sir *John*?

*Fal.* Master *Broome*, I will first make bold with your money: next, giue mee your hand: and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enioy *Ford's* wife.

*Ford.* O good Sir.

*Fal.* I say you shall.

*Ford.* Want no money (Sir *John*) you shall want none.

*Fal.* Want no Mistresse *Ford* (Master *Broome*) you shall want none: I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her owne appointment, euen as you came in to me, her assistant, or goe-betweene, parted from me: I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen: for at that time the ialous-rascally-knaue her husband will be forth: come you to me at night, you shall know how I speed.

*Ford.* I am blest in your acquaintance: do you know *Ford's*?

*Fal.* Hang him (poore Cuckoldly knaue) I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poore: They say the ialous wittolly-knaue hath masses of money, for the which his wife seemes to me well-fauour'd: I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my hardest home.

*Ford.* I would you knew *Ford*, sir, that you might auoid him, if you saw him.

*Fal.* Hang him, mechanically-salt-butter rogue, I will stare him out of his wits: I will awe him with my cudgell: it shall hang like a Meteor one the Cuckolds horns: Master *Broome*, thou shalt know, I will predominate ouer the pezzant, and thou shalt lye with his wife: Come to me soone at night: *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his stile: thou (Master *Broome*) shalt know him for knaue, and Cuckold. Come to me soone at night.

*Ford.* What a damnd Epicurian-Rascal is this? my heart is ready to cracke with impatience: who saies this is improuident ialousie; my wife hath sent to him, the howre is fixt, the match is made: would any man haue thought this? see the hell of hauing a false woman: my bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawed at, and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes: and by him that does mee this wrong: Termes, names: *Ammainon* sounds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbasen*, well: yet they are Diuils additions, the names of fiends: But Cuckold, Wittoll, Cuckold, the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name. *Page* is an Assle, a secure Assle; hee will trust his wife, hee will not be ialous: I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butler, Parson *Hugh* the *Welsh* man with my Cheefe, an *Irish* man with my Aqua-vita bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots, then shee runs

uates, then shee deuises: and what they thinke in their hearts they may effect; they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my ialousie: eleuen o' clocke the howre, I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*. I will about it, better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late: sic, sic, sic: Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold.

*Exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Caius, Rugby, Page, Shallow, Slender, Host.*

*Caius.* Lacke *Rugby*.

*Rug.* Sir.

*Caius.* Vat is the clocke, *Lack*.

*Rug.* 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.

*Cai.* By gar, he has saue his soule, dat he is no-come: hee has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Lack Rugby*) he is dead already, if he be come.

*Rug.* Hee is wife Sir: hee knew your worship would kill him if he came.

*Cai.* By gar, dehering is no dead, so as I will kill him: take your Rapier, (*Lacke*) I will tell you how I will kill him.

*Rug.* Alas sir, I cannot fence.

*Cai.* Villanie, take your Rapier.

*Rug.* Forbeare: heere's company.

*Host.* Blessye thee, bully-Doctor.

*Shal.* 'Sauc you Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

*Page.* Now good Mr. Doctor.

*Slender.* 'Giue you good-morrow, sir.

*Caius.* Vat be all you one, two, tree, fowre, come for?

*Host.* To see thee fight, to see thee foigne, to see thee traueise, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe thy puncto, thy flock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy montant: Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha Bully? what saies my *Esculapian*? my *Galien*? my heart of Elder? ha? is he dead bully-Scalpe? is he dead?

*Cai.* By gar, he is de Coward-Lack. Priest of de world: he is not show his face.

*Host.* Thou art a Castalion-king-Vrinnall: *Hector* of Greece (my Boy)

*Cai.* I pray you beare witnesse, that me haue stay, fixe or seuen, two tree howres for him, and hee is no-come.

*Shal.* He is the wiser man (M. Doctor) he is a curer of soules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions: is it not true, Master *Page*?

*Page.* Master *Shallow*; you haue your selfe bene a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

*Shal.* Body-kins M. *Page*, though I now be old, and of the peace; if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (M. *Page*) wee haue some salt of our youth in vs, we are the sons of women (M. *Page*).

*Page.* 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

*Shal.* It will be found so, (M. *Page*) M. Doctor *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the peace, you haue shew'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shewne himselfe a wife and patient Church-man: you must goe with me, M. Doctor.

*Host.* Par-